

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Real Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## Just at Present

There is a general desire to economize. Here's a chance. Warm Underwear you must have; we have some broken lots of extra fine grade that we're selling "to close" at 50c on the dollar. Our complete lines while not so ruinously low are yet low enough to make their purchase profitable for you.

**Herman & Hess**  
406 E. Douglas.

## Blind Boone Co.

Benefit Central Christian Church  
AT GARFIELD HALL,  
FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 24  
Tickets 25 and 35c on sale at  
Howe's Jewelry store 110 East  
Douglas. 4-4t

## THE CELEBRATED Schubert Male Quartette OF CHICAGO

Acknowledged by both press and public to be the finest organization traveling of the kind, in America, will give a concert in Wichita on Saturday evening, Nov. 25th, at St. John's Episcopal church, supported by  
**BERTHA L. CLARK, Violinist.**  
**LAURA B. MAC CORLE, Reader**  
**and Whistler.**  
**ADELAIDE JACKSON, Accompanist.**

You cannot afford to miss this treat. Admission 50c; reserved seats 75c at Wichita Book Store.

Good coffee, first-class oysters, baked beans and brown bread, or hot waffles with syrup served at 240 North Main street tonight, from early supper-time until late bed-time. 7-1t

Arkansas anthracite coal (Quinta grade) for sale cheap. Write for prices. F. O. B. any point in Kansas. William Brooks, Russellville, Ark. 7-2t

Children's Dancing Class.  
Professor Beal will entertain the young folks and children at 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The new dance will be shown. Terms, commencing Saturday, Dec. 2, 25 cents per person or \$1 a month. 7-1t

Shedules of Plymouth church will be pleased to serve you this evening at their supper. Come early or late, come hungry, and bring your friends. 7-1t

Thanksgiving Music.  
Thanksgiving Day is the last Thursday of November. The choir of the Congregational church will give a concert at 8 o'clock Friday evening. Vocal program by experienced pianists, vocal numbers by Mr. George Carlin and violin solos by Mr. Sherman Skinner. Complimentary to the public. 100 Ties and Fri. 7-1t

All bills against the Wichita Book Company will be paid by the undersigned, and all parties indebted to said company, will please call at the Wichita Book and Stationery Co. 114 North Main street, and liquidate the same. M. W. Lewis. 8t

SWIFT LINE TO LINCOLN AND OMAHA.  
ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.  
Aug. 20 the great Rock Island placed in service fast train for the above points, leaving Wichita at 9:25 a. m., arriving at Lincoln 9 p. m. and Omaha 10:30 p. m. Elegant chair cars on this train, service extra charge. J. H. Phillips. 100 Ties and Fri. 7-1t

City Ticket Agent, Wichita, Kan.  
T. J. Anderson.  
88dtt

California and Winter Exposition.  
On account of the above named exposition tickets to the Pacific coast will be available at greatly reduced rates. The attention of the public is called to superior accommodations as well as train service and equipment offered by the Missouri Pacific railway in connection with the Denver and Rio Grande and Southern Pacific railways. Passengers desiring a southern route can be accommodated in like manner. By calling at this office I will take pleasure in furnishing all necessary information on this subject. E. E. Beckley, 43dtt

Passenger and Ticket Agent, Missouri Pacific railway, 114 North Main street.  
Croup is a terror to young mothers. To point them in the wrong direction, and to treat them with the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Hettiger Bros., 216 East Douglas, and Van Warden's Pharmacy, 228 North Main street.

Winter Tourist Buses via Santa Fe Route.  
Commencing Oct. 15th and to continue in effect until May 1, 1894, the Santa Fe route will sell excursion tickets to Texas and New Mexico points good for return passage until June 1, 1894. Stop overs allowed without charge. Two trains daily, morning and night. Through chair and sleeping car service. For further particulars call on any local ticket agent or address the undersigned.  
W. D. McPherson, Dist. Pass. Agt., 128 North Main street, Wichita, Kan. 43dtt

The prescription lists from Fred Richter's drug store can be found at Ozine & Dreier, 122 N. Main. All persons wishing prescriptions refilled please notice. 43dtt

## THE WEST PASTURE.

How the Trouble It Caused Was Finally Settled.

The autumn day was closing in a glory of purple and gold; the last rays of the setting sun entered the window of the farmhouse, and, slanting across the row of shining milk pans, formed a halo of gold around the head of the farmer's daughter, Cecile Grey, as she stood with the full milk pail poised in her hands, and thought seriously, a perplexed pucker between her straight brows.

Pretty she was not, but her fair, calm face, looking placidly out from beneath her crown of really beautiful hair, the envy of all the village girls, was very attractive.

The farm laborers were coming from supper, the day was dying as the sun sank reluctantly behind the trees, and still Cecile stood there silently, buried in reverie, and un mindful of what was going on about her.

"A penny for your thoughts, Cecy," spoke out a manly voice.

And Jack Newton appeared at the outer door.

Cecy, turning, came out of her brown study.

"I was thinking of the picnic tomorrow, Jack. No one has asked me to go, and I wondered if I must stay at home after all. That momentous question so occupied my thoughts that I had forgotten my evening duties."

"Will you go with me, Cecy? It is on mother's account that I have not asked you before. But as I was strolling past, half inclined to give it all up, I saw you, and that settled my doubts as to what to do."

There was a tender light in the young man's eyes as he spoke, and the pretty pink color flushed into Cecile's cheek.

"Of course I will go, Jack. Why allow her dislike to spoil our pleasure? She will forgive me some day."

"So it is settled? You will come with me?"

"Yes, Jack."

Well pleased, the young man went on his way.

The cause of Mrs. Newton's dislike to Cecile was a trivial one.

When she was a little girl Cecile's father had given her the deed of a picturesque bit of land, called the west pasture, which lay between the Newton farm and that of Mr. Grey.

Two years before our story opens Mrs. Newton had made Cecile an offer for the land. It would complete her east pasture, she said, and fill in the corner, thus making her acres form almost a square.

She had set her heart on having the pasture, but Cecile loved the place, and would not sell it. Mrs. Newton tried by coaxing and liberal offers to gain her point, but the girl was determined. At last, flying into a passion, the elder lady raved the younger soundly for a conceited minx, who thought herself too good for her place, and who would never get her Jack, for whom she had set her cap.

And, having thus relieved her mind, she went home.

For two years she had not entered the Grey farmhouse unless she knew the only daughter was absent. Good, motherly Mrs. Grey overlooked the feud, welcomed Jack cordially whenever he called, paid little neighborly visits to Mrs. Newton, and in every way tried to mend the breach which Jack's mother kept fresh by daily reprimands.

Cecile, when Jack had gone, went about her duties with a light step and a lighter heart. When, at last, everything was done, she sought her pretty room, which was tastefully adorned by her own hands, and, sitting by the window, looked out over the hills and wondered if the morrow would bring the fair weather the night promised.

Meanwhile Mrs. Newton, her face red with anger, stood listening to Jack, who, with his bedroom lamp in his hand, had turned as he reached the door, and said: "I must be up early in the morning, mother, for I am going to the picnic. Cecile has promised to accompany me. I intend to ask her to be my wife," he went on, in some confusion. "She will make you a good daughter, mother; you know you have always longed for one."

"But not such a one as you want to give me," exclaimed Mrs. Newton. "No, Jack; I will never welcome her to this house! If it had been anyone else—beside Cecile Grey, never!"

"Mother," said Jack, firmly, "why cannot you overcome this childish prejudice? I shall marry Cecile if she will have me; better accept the inevitable." And he left the room.

Mrs. Newton was taken by surprise. After awhile she cooled down a little.

"After all," she thought, "if he does marry her that west pasture will come to us. But I never will give in, not even for that. Jack shall lose the farm if he marries Cecile Grey."

That night, Cecile, in her pretty white bed, dreamed of Jack. At first her dreams were peaceful, but as the night wore on they became disturbed, and at last she awoke with the strange feeling that her lover was in danger.

Mechanically she arose, and having donned wrapper and slippers went to the window. As she threw up the sash and leaned out across the sill, she saw that a cloudy sky had taken the place of the starry one she had gazed at earlier in the night.

The wind had risen, and blew in fitful gusts around the corners of the house.

A troubled thought of the pleasure she had anticipated came to Cecile, and then all at once, as a stronger gust of wind came to her, she smelled a faint odor of smoke.

Looking quickly at the barn and other buildings she could see nothing unusual. She raised her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction of Jack's house.

"What was that red glow spreading above the tree tops?" she wondered. And then she realized that the Newton farmhouse was on fire.

Running downstairs she roused her father, then out of the door, and away through the darkness she sped in the direction of the burning building.

All was quiet when she reached the gate, which was locked. What should she do? She looked up at the high pickets with their cruel sharp points, and then began to climb resolutely up. Balancing herself on the top she dropped to the ground. Her skirts caught on the sharp points, but she managed to wrench them free, and, never noticing how her hands were bleeding, made her way to the house.

The flames shot upward; the smoke rolled in huge columns toward the darkening sky; but still no sound came from the inmates of the burning building. Could she save them? Would her father never come?

Looking anxiously around, she saw an open window; she sprang through it and found that she was in the thickest of the smoke. What she did must be done quickly.

She snatched a woollen scarf she had thrown over her head, and, binding it around her mouth, prepared to fight her way to the foot of the stairs. Inch by inch she pressed forward, till, blinded by the smoke, she struck her foot against the lower step. With a little scream of joy she flew up the stairs, and along the wide hall to Jack's room.

Jack was just awaking from a troubled sleep. Hearing Cecile's voice, he instantly sprang up, comprehending the danger almost before she could tell him of it.

"Mother sleeps downstairs in the little room on the right," he said, in answer to her question. "Wait, Cecile."

He frantically searched for his clothing, but Cecile was away again, battling with the smoke, which almost overpowered her. The flames were licking their way toward Mrs. Newton's room. Cecile saw this, and breathed a prayer for help. She fairly flew down the stairs, and reached the door just as one cruel tongue of fire darted across the top of it.

She found Mrs. Newton in a heavy stupor, and all her efforts to rouse her were in vain. She could not wait for Jack, so she wrapped the heavy form in a blanket, and how she knew not, managed to drag her into the hall.

Then Jack Newton, who listened with tears to the story of Cecile's heroism. Turning to Jack she said, simply and humbly: "I misjudged her. Forgive me."

Jack's face brightened, but he continued his restless walk before the door of the room where Cecile lay.

Just as the morning dawned she opened her eyes and asked: "Is Jack safe?"

Then she fell asleep with a happy smile on her lips. She had burned her hands and arms; her beautiful hair was singed badly, and her strength had been terribly taxed; but in a month she had recovered sufficiently to take a short drive, and Jack took her to see the ruins.

Every building on the place had been burned to the ground.

"I am glad of it," said Jack. "I intend to build a new house, to which I shall be proud to take my wife. Will you come, Cecile?"

"What will your mother say?" she asked with a touch of playfulness, while her eyes gave him the answer he craved.

"She is more than anxious to welcome you as a daughter."

So it was settled; and Mrs. Newton, as she looks at her daughter Cecile's hands, says: "They are the most beautiful hands in the world to me, if they are scarred and blackened!"

And the feud of the west pasture is at an end.

Jack and his wife are very happy. They are talking of another picnic to take the place of the one planned a year ago, and it is to be held in the west pasture.—Drake's Magazine.

What Could Have Altered Her?

The human body is a very delicate and highly complex organization, and it is not surprising that it sometimes breaks down for no easily ascertainable reason. A farmer met the village doctor, according to an exchange, and said:

"If you happen to be out our way any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She don't seem to be feeling very well."

"What ails her? What are some of her symptoms?"

"I dunno. This morning, after she'd milked the cows and fed the pigs and got breakfast for the men and washed the dishes and built a fire under the boiler in the washhouse and done a few little odd jobs round the house, she complained of feeling tired-like. I shouldn't wonder if her blood was poor, and I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ABLE TO KEEP A SECRET.

Principal—I have to send you on a very important errand—one demanding the greatest secrecy. Say, Mr. Meier, can I rely on you? Are you able to keep a secret?

Clerk—Oh, certainly (whispering in principal's ear) I have been secretly engaged to your daughter for the last couple of years.—Forrester.

Telling the Good News.

Mrs. Youngman—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old Bachelor (one of the judges)—Yes, madam, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Sagacious Porter.

Palace Car Porter (till we get to)—Don't gub me no fee, sah, till we do end ob der trip.

Passenger—Very well. Just as you prefer.

Porter—Yes, sah. You see, dese train robbers always goes for me first, an' if I ain't got no money dey say der robbers ain't got nuffin, an' goes off.

unusual. She raised her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction of Jack's house.

"What was that red glow spreading above the tree tops?" she wondered. And then she realized that the Newton farmhouse was on fire.

Running downstairs she roused her father, then out of the door, and away through the darkness she sped in the direction of the burning building.

All was quiet when she reached the gate, which was locked. What should she do? She looked up at the high pickets with their cruel sharp points, and then began to climb resolutely up. Balancing herself on the top she dropped to the ground. Her skirts caught on the sharp points, but she managed to wrench them free, and, never noticing how her hands were bleeding, made her way to the house.

The flames shot upward; the smoke rolled in huge columns toward the darkening sky; but still no sound came from the inmates of the burning building. Could she save them? Would her father never come?

Looking anxiously around, she saw an open window; she sprang through it and found that she was in the thickest of the smoke. What she did must be done quickly.

She snatched a woollen scarf she had thrown over her head, and, binding it around her mouth, prepared to fight her way to the foot of the stairs. Inch by inch she pressed forward, till, blinded by the smoke, she struck her foot against the lower step. With a little scream of joy she flew up the stairs, and along the wide hall to Jack's room.

Jack was just awaking from a troubled sleep. Hearing Cecile's voice, he instantly sprang up, comprehending the danger almost before she could tell him of it.

"Mother sleeps downstairs in the little room on the right," he said, in answer to her question. "Wait, Cecile."

He frantically searched for his clothing, but Cecile was away again, battling with the smoke, which almost overpowered her. The flames were licking their way toward Mrs. Newton's room. Cecile saw this, and breathed a prayer for help. She fairly flew down the stairs, and reached the door just as one cruel tongue of fire darted across the top of it.

She found Mrs. Newton in a heavy stupor, and all her efforts to rouse her were in vain. She could not wait for Jack, so she wrapped the heavy form in a blanket, and how she knew not, managed to drag her into the hall.

Then Jack Newton, who listened with tears to the story of Cecile's heroism. Turning to Jack she said, simply and humbly: "I misjudged her. Forgive me."

Jack's face brightened, but he continued his restless walk before the door of the room where Cecile lay.

Just as the morning dawned she opened her eyes and asked: "Is Jack safe?"

Then she fell asleep with a happy smile on her lips. She had burned her hands and arms; her beautiful hair was singed badly, and her strength had been terribly taxed; but in a month she had recovered sufficiently to take a short drive, and Jack took her to see the ruins.

Every building on the place had been burned to the ground.

"I am glad of it," said Jack. "I intend to build a new house, to which I shall be proud to take my wife. Will you come, Cecile?"

"What will your mother say?" she asked with a touch of playfulness, while her eyes gave him the answer he craved.

"She is more than anxious to welcome you as a daughter."

So it was settled; and Mrs. Newton, as she looks at her daughter Cecile's hands, says: "They are the most beautiful hands in the world to me, if they are scarred and blackened!"

And the feud of the west pasture is at an end.

Jack and his wife are very happy. They are talking of another picnic to take the place of the one planned a year ago, and it is to be held in the west pasture.—Drake's Magazine.

What Could Have Altered Her?

The human body is a very delicate and highly complex organization, and it is not surprising that it sometimes breaks down for no easily ascertainable reason. A farmer met the village doctor, according to an exchange, and said:

"If you happen to be out our way any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She don't seem to be feeling very well."

"What ails her? What are some of her symptoms?"

"I dunno. This morning, after she'd milked the cows and fed the pigs and got breakfast for the men and washed the dishes and built a fire under the boiler in the washhouse and done a few little odd jobs round the house, she complained of feeling tired-like. I shouldn't wonder if her blood was poor, and I guess she needs a dose of medicine."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

ABLE TO KEEP A SECRET.

Principal—I have to send you on a very important errand—one demanding the greatest secrecy. Say, Mr. Meier, can I rely on you? Are you able to keep a secret?

Clerk—Oh, certainly (whispering in principal's ear) I have been secretly engaged to your daughter for the last couple of years.—Forrester.

Telling the Good News.

Mrs. Youngman—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old Bachelor (one of the judges)—Yes, madam, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Sagacious Porter.

Palace Car Porter (till we get to)—Don't gub me no fee, sah, till we do end ob der trip.

Passenger—Very well. Just as you prefer.

Porter—Yes, sah. You see, dese train robbers always goes for me first, an' if I ain't got no money dey say der robbers ain't got nuffin, an' goes off.

unusual. She raised her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction of Jack's house.

"What was that red glow spreading above the tree tops?" she wondered. And then she realized that the Newton farmhouse was on fire.

Running downstairs she roused her father, then out of the door, and away through the darkness she sped in the direction of the burning building.

All was quiet when she reached the gate, which was locked. What should she do? She looked up at the high pickets with their cruel sharp points, and then began to climb resolutely up. Balancing herself on the top she dropped to the ground. Her skirts caught on the sharp points, but she managed to wrench them free, and, never noticing how her hands were bleeding, made her way to the house.

The flames shot upward; the smoke rolled in huge columns toward the darkening sky; but still no sound came from the inmates of the burning building. Could she save them? Would her father never come?

Looking anxiously around, she saw an open window; she sprang through it and found that she was in the thickest of the smoke. What she did must be done quickly.

She snatched a woollen scarf she had thrown over her head, and, binding it around her mouth, prepared to fight her way to the foot of the stairs. Inch by inch she pressed forward, till, blinded by the smoke, she struck her foot against the lower step. With a little scream of joy she flew up the stairs, and along the wide hall to Jack's room.

Jack was just awaking from a troubled sleep. Hearing Cecile's voice, he instantly sprang up, comprehending the danger almost before she could tell him of it.

"Mother sleeps downstairs in the little room on the right," he said, in answer to her question. "Wait, Cecile."

filled with conflicting emotions. Now he condemned himself for being foolish and presumptuous, anon he censured Julia for being impolite and cruel. But the most important result of his cogitations was that he resolved that he would work day and night to acquire wealth and influence, and that he would yet show Miss Ameron that it was no common man whom she had unfeelingly repelled.

Fifteen years later Theodore Hall again stood on the ferry boat, not as its captain, but as a passenger. He had spent fifteen years in a distant city, where he had met with remarkable success in business, and where he had become a highly-honored citizen who moved in the best social circles. For the first time since his departure he had returned to his birthplace.

It rained hard and there were but few passengers. He entered the ladies' cabin and found only one person, a woman. She wore a plain black dress and looked careworn. She raised her eyes. It was Julia. He stepped toward her eagerly and asked:

"Do you remember me?"

Julia's cheeks flushed as she arose to greet him. She was still an unusually beautiful and graceful woman, although bitter disappointments and hard trials had given her face an anxious and sad expression.

"I feared that you would not remember me," she said falteringly. "I could not have blamed you had you passed by without recognizing me."

"I have not forgotten, but I have forgiven."

"You are magnanimous," she replied, as the tears came to her eyes. "I never felt so unworthy as I do now."

"I beg you not to feel so any longer. As time passed, and I gained in knowledge of the world I came to the conclusion that in your girlish surprise you spoke unthinkingly and did not mean to give me a cruel wound. Then, too, I acknowledged, in view of all the circumstances, that my act was a rash one."

"I certainly did not mean to hurt your feelings deeply," she earnestly replied. "Immediately after I had spoken I was heartily ashamed of myself. I took no pleasure in the graduating exercises. I was very unhappy throughout the day. I knew I ought to send you an apology, but I was too proud to do it. You remember the foolish, aristocratic notions I then cherished. I have been bitterly punished for them. Today I take in sewing for a living, as your poor mother did, after having been divorced from my aristocratic but unscrupulous husband, who spent in riotous living the large fortune which my parents left me."

"I heard the story of your misfortunes. I longed to see you once again. Accordingly I have returned to my old home principally for the purpose of meeting you."

Julia was surprised and agitated.

"You are very good," she murmured. "Have you no warmer feeling than gratitude?" he eagerly asked, as he bent his face toward hers.

Julia turned away, but he grasped her hand and detained her.

"Listen to me," he continued. "Your words gave me great pain, but they also made a man of me. I vowed that I would rise in the world and show you that I was somebody. From that day I strove to succeed, and I am sure that I have accomplished more than I would have done had not the sting of your words urged me to renewed action when I felt weary and discouraged. Today I am wealthy and honored. I owe my present advantages principally to the incentive which you furnished."

"I am glad if my folly has resulted in some good, and I rejoice in your success."

"Will you not share in that success to which you have so greatly contributed?"

There was something so odd in the unexpected turn the conversation had taken that even the stinging of Julia smiled faintly. Then, too, a joyous hope began to take root in her heart.

"As you put the question," she replied, "I am unable to give you an absolutely unfavorable answer."

"Make it entirely favorable at once," cried the impetuous suitor.

"I will. I cannot doubt that you love me, even after all that has happened; and as for myself, I can now confess that you would have been my first choice had I not permitted the pride of station to harden my heart against your youthful endeavors to win my favours."

Theodore looked around. There was no one in sight, and he ventured to kiss for the first time the only woman whom he had ever loved.

At this moment the rattle of a windlass made it evident that the boat had crossed the river and was being chained to the dock.

Mr. Hall and his future bride walked to the cabin door; he raised a large umbrella, and arm in arm they left the boat.—J. A. Bolles, in Boston Budget.

Taking Precautions.

"Waiter," said the guest, "bring me some mushrooms."

"Single or double price?"

"What do you give with the double-price order?"

"An insurance policy, sir."—Washington Star.

Capillary Attraction.—No other explanation than that her hair attracted him could be given by a Newark young man who was caught while trying to scissor a tress from the head of a girl who was looking in a store window. A new phase of capillary attraction.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Victimizing Her Name.

"In making choice of a wife," said Mr. Brassie Pampus, addressing Miss Keene. "In making choice of a wife, I am afraid I shall be rather exacting as to good looks."

"Indeed," said Miss Keene, "but won't it interfere with your plans if the lady whom you select should be of the same mind?"—N. Y. Press.

The Age of the Precocious.

Mrs. Jones—Ethel, you might tell me who the young man is that called last evening.

Ethel (just seventeen)—Certainly, mamma, if you're curious about it; that's the young man I'm engaged to.—Chicago Record.

Large-Hearted Man from Jayville.

"If you don't look out," said the excited stranger, catching the policeman at the crossing by the arm and jerking him toward the sidewalk, "you'll get run over!" You're standing right in the middle of the street!"—Chicago Tribune.

"OUGHT!"

A young man with plenty of dough went out with his girl for a rough. But the creek was so high. This girl said: "Oh, my, I think we had better not rough."